

# LONDINUM

*Heroico Carmine Perlustratum*

Per JOHANNEM ADAMUM Transylvanum

Dedicatumq;

U\* 6.110

Literarum, Peregrinorum, virtutumq; Patronis.



T H E

Renovvned City of LONDON

SURVEYED, and ILLUSTRATED

In a Latine Poem

By *J. Adamus a Transylvanian.*

And translated into English

By *W. F. of Grays-Inn J. C.*

DEDICATED

To the Patrons of Strangers, Learning, and ingenuity.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. R. for the Author. 1670.



# 2 D Londinum Pessulstratum

**Q**uis mecum à vestris me Transylvania Teetis  
Depulit? O Regio mihi qua cunabula quondam  
Præbebas. Sedi in vestris quàm tutus in Vlnis!

Deliciasque bibi pleno quas prodiga Cornu  
Fundebas: O Mater amans! placidissima Tellus  
Et Supero dilecta DEO! Vos Palmitis Arva  
Pampineum Nemus & Spumantes Nectare Cellas,  
Letaque largifluis undantia Musta salernis,  
Arvaque tot Pecorum, nec non ditissima Frugum  
Testor ego mundo; Mahomet trux ille priusquam  
Infandis armis nostras vastaverat oras

Confundens totam nullo discrimine gentem.

Julia testis erit nitidum Qua nomen ab Albo  
Derivans nunc nigra sedet sub pulvere putri.

Julia testis erit, Regum procerumque voluptas;

Julia funestis jam totum absumpta favillis-

Hinc, Vos O Cives. (Casus miserescite nostri)

Pellimur ire Domo, patriasque relinquere sedes

Et portas intrare tuas Londine; Relictis

Suffugium felix; Deserteque Anchora genti.

05, 19

What

**VV** Hat dire calamities have enforced me  
Dear *Transylvania*, from thy Brest to flee  
Who gavest me suck; and in whose lap I late  
Secure possessed with a good Estate?

O Land of unknown plenty! Where the Vine  
Spreads forth her Branches and affords us Wine  
More luscious then *Nepenthe*; where our Fruit  
With Corn and Cattel vied; before the bruit  
Of Warr was heard, and the insulting lust  
Of *Mahomet* had laid us in the Dust.

Witness fair *Alba-Julia*, whose Eyes  
Like studded Starrs enamelling the Skies  
(Made her great Kings, and Emperours delight)  
Sit now Ecclipsed in eternal night.

Henceforth (dear friends) we are constrain'd to fly  
And seek for what our *Own Home* doth deny.

To thy safe armes *London* we are hurld  
*London* the great *Emporeum* of the world,  
Whose benigne Souls still ready is to bless  
And succour strangers in their most distress.

*Forme fama tua, & mira pietatis, & usque*  
*Pectoris Humani, dextraque in viscera passe*  
*Pauperis, illorum & qui Religione ligantur*  
*Tecum communi tot pra Regionibus orbis*  
*Totius Angligenam suasis mibi visfere gentem,*  
*Anglia magnanimum genetrix facunda virorum*  
*Grande decus mundi, & mundi melioris Imago;*  
*Ante alias Tellus fortunatissima Salve!*  
*Dives agri, Dives Pecundum, fulvique Metallis,*  
*Et vera pietatis amans, & pacis Alumna;*  
*Natura locupletis opus. Matrisque benigna*  
*In gremium nata violisque rosisque pluentis.*  
*Non ego nunc Latium Septena sede superbum,*  
*Non formidatas Capitoli Regibus arces,*  
*Nec Solymi tractus, Cedros Libanive sinpebo,*  
*Nec quas Hispetias verbis tot jactat Iberus*  
*Divitias, non auriferis quibus Indus arenis*  
*Producit, neque thesauros quos ubere censu*  
*Eruit ater Arabs, aut quos Panchaia glebis*  
*Extulerit gemmas cupidoque emisit orbi.*



Fame of thy Beauty, and great Bounty too  
Extended to such Exile Strangers, who  
Profess the same Religion, which combin'd  
With thy most liberal kindness, hath inclin'd  
Me to believe blest *England* doth alone  
Comprize the blessings of the spacious Zone:  
England the fertile Mother of brave men,  
Gemme of fair Europe! and more noble then  
Thy sister Isles; O may Heavens Sun still shine  
On thee the Granary of the world, and Mine  
Of golden Ore! Indulger of just truth  
And known Integrity! Whose vernal youth  
Rains down sweet blessings in abundant showers  
Exuberant as well in Fruits as Flowers.  
Henceforth *Rome* nor *Jerusalem* shall be  
With *Libanus* wealth, of such esteem with me;  
Nor *Spain*, nor yet those *Indies* which do boast  
And pay that boasted Tribute to her Coast:  
Nor sweet *Arabia's* Gumms shall henceforth dare  
With thy perfumes fair *London* to compare.

*O mihi prae cunctis Londinum optabile terris!  
Cujus ego attonitus oculis dum culmina specto,  
Confundor tantisque stupens mens obruta caëptis.*

*Vnde ego prima feram vestigia? quidve juberis  
Me memorare prius? vel quæ Primordia cantu  
Ducere? quid medio dicam? quo sine quiescam?*

*Tu mihi musa ratas urbis expandito portas,  
Angustasque vias cunctas, aditusque locorum,  
Vt contemplerer turrata palatia, Cælo*

*Æquatasque domus, passim pinnasque tremendas,  
Collibus & structas juxta sublimibus arces;*

*Atria, Tempia, domus nec non Pomeria Regum;*

*Et populi prunis positas in vallibus ades.*

*Hic erit ille locus ( nec me præsagia fallunt*

*Nec titubant oculi ) Proles ubi diva tonantis*

*Londinum Residet, Genii Regina Britanni*

*Londinum, Cui se submittas Roma, Quiritum*

*Illa Triumphatrix veterum; Trinobantias ingens.*

*Iliaca fundata manu, Recidivæque Trojæ*

*Gloria, Dardaniæ Suboles, Priamique Nepotum.*

*London* to me more glorious then the wide  
Frame of the world; who to me well 'ey'd,  
Dost strike astonishment. How shall I then  
Begin to speak of thee proud Pile? Or when  
Shall I conclude? blest Muse goe thou before  
And as my harbinger op'e every doore  
To my design; shew me most ignorant, all  
The pomp and glories of each Court and Hall;  
And as well Houses which in vallyes lie  
As Pallaces whose Turrets touch the Skie.  
This is that place ( if mine eyes doe not erre )  
Where Britans King resides not farr from her  
High streets; which City raigneth Sovereigne Queen  
Of this great Realme; whose proud port and Meen  
*Rome* must submit. This is great Troynovant  
Built by the Peers of *Troy* which thence may vaunt  
And challenge her descent; old *Priams* sons  
whose facts fill chronicles, with those Trojan *Donnes*  
New risen from their graves doe all agree  
To live, and Re-derive themselves from thee.

*Sic veteres Britonum cecinerunt Carmine Bardi.*

*Illius at quantum à primo mutata Colore*

*Frons divina cluit, longè meliore metallo*

*Rite Reformata, & melioribus edita fatis.*

*O urbs! O votis Salve mihi mille petita*

*Londinum Salve! Trinobantias inclita salve.*

*Clara Sacris Templis, domibus speciosa Superbis*

*Iustitiæ portus. Fidei Lar; Pacis Apydon*

*Regia Mercurii, fortuna porta pæata*

*Cor mundi; mundi, oculus; mundi, theatrum.*

*En ego te primum patrio procul orbe remotus*

*Aspexi; Domus O Irocerum Regumque voluptas!*

*Urbs armis animisque potens, & Robore gentis!*

*Urbs locuples, generosa, sagax, illustris, honora,*

*Urbs audita mihi longè venerataque longè,*

*Nam tui nobilitas, & terris didita fama,*

*Et DEVS impellens huc me traxere volentem.*

*Quis valet O charites, urbis percurrere partes,*

*vel minimâ de parte valet comprehendere totam?*

*Quid Laticum memorem tractus? Castella, tot arces.*

So sang the *British Bards* in dayes of Yore;  
 But now shee's chang'd from what she was before,  
 More glorious in her habit, port, and hue;  
 Old *Troy* some Centuries since, is now turn'd new.  
 Live happy Citty, live! So often woo'd  
 By me some lusters since, and now renew'd,  
 As much admir'd: Thy Churches, Towers, and Streets  
 Ravish our Eyes; Here great *Astrea* meets  
 In thy Tribunals, who art Head, Heart, Eye,  
 Of the whole Earth, and wonder of the Skie.  
 Now banish't I, behold thee as I pass,  
 Storehouse of men, and armes; who hast a Mass  
 Of wealth to-boot (and what doth more improve  
 Thy fame) the seat of Charity and Love.  
 Thy Reputation, fame, and stately port  
 Made me more willing to behold thy Court,  
 Heaven being my guide. Thine *Aqueducts*, and *founts*  
 Are things of weight, and worth, and our accompts  
 Can't calculate great City each degree  
 Or part of Honour which belongs to thee.

*Lympharum patulas? occultatosque meatus?*

*Quid loquar Æonidum sublimi sede penates:*

*Greshamique procul splendentia tecta Camænis:*

*45, m. Addita, que nunc cōmercia publica pandunt:*

*Et Rediviva brevi præclara Lycea Syonis*

*Mos Quibus est celebres tractare fideliter artes,*

*Ingenuamque sacrâ virtute cibare Juventam.*

*Heic Stagyra Senex Græcorum gloria quondam*

*Gliscit Aristoteles; heic, magna Livius orbis*

*Par amor atque decus, multæque viriliter artes*

*Heic exercentur sub Præcëtoribus æquis.*

*Ast alii quos dexteritas monet alta docendi*

*Conscio docta virum, juvenesque polire peritè*

*Considunt, Sophiæque favos & mella propinant.*

*Chloridos O comites viraces spargite laurus,*

*Spargite purpureas violas, Roresque marinos,*

*Instauretque melos, Chelyn, instruat, Organon aptet,*

*Aptet & ad tremulos socialia carmina nervos,*

*Et pleno Laudes Londini ebuccinet ore,*

*Urhem quam celebrem mens obstupefacta salutat.*

Thy Conduits, Streams, and Cisterns being so great.

What shall I speak of that illustrious Seat

Fair *Gresham* Colledge, for some while repleat

With shops and men till *Gresham's* other frame

Fitted, shall reinvite them to the same.

What shall I say of *Sion-Colledge*, which

Like a great wealthy store-house doth enrich

The minds of men, where all the liberal arts

Concenter here divided into parts.

Whilst *Aristotle* doth possesse the chaire,

Philosophers with Physicians doe repaire.

To drink down the distilled dew and hast

Here when most hungry to get some repast.

But here *Theologie* doth beare the sway,

And the divines have th' honor of the day:

*Theologie* which doth sound documents give,

Both to the good and bad men how to live.

Yea sacred Nymphs, infuse in me new fire,

Retune my tongue, and teach me to admire,

And in that admiration to proclaime

Those triumphs due to *Londons* ample frame.



*Tot Rerum mirata vices, dum se putat orbe  
 Claudī alio sic cuncta nitent, Sic omnia vident,  
 Sic Cælum spectant, Sic despectantque Profunda.  
 Mania nulla tamen, Fossarum nullus hiatus,  
 Non agger, Plutēi, non munimenta viarum,  
 Vallorumque sinus, tumulisque valentibus orbes  
 Cernuntur circum, vel quæ manus anxia traxit,  
 Degeneresque metus urbs hac Lacedæmonis instar  
 Manibus hand fudit, virtus at Robora præstat,  
 Et Pietas & Sancta fides, animosæque Civis  
 Pectora sufficiunt; Hæc munus ævæ urbi  
 Fortior est vallo, vel adactæ cespice terra.  
 Pro muris at quam populosa Suburbia densis  
 Excurrunt Spatiis, Thamesis quæ navibus auctas  
 Alterutrimque facit facilis stationibus undas.  
 Vrbis O divitiis locuples, gazisque beata!  
 Quicquid avent oculi, quicquid mens optat, & ardet.  
 Omnia posce, feres. Hæc plenum copia Cornu  
 Explicat, orbis & hæc urbem natura locavit,  
 Quicquid ad humanos, præbens conduxerit usus.*

Wondring at such variety of things ,  
My mind was taken captive, and her wings  
Were imp't, not suffering her for to ascend  
Those heights to which this stately pile doth tend.  
Yet here I view no walls, or banks, t' amate  
Th' insulting foe; no Towers for strength, or state  
Inviron *London*; her's no Rock, nor shelf,  
*Londons* a mighty Bulwark of her self.  
So *Lacedemon* did her self make good,  
Her safety scorning walls of stone or mud;  
Your works of Piety worthy Citizens  
Do more immure you then your walls or pens  
Which do environ other Towns; 'tis known  
You need no external aids safe in your own.  
*Thames* is your Rampier. *Thames* which doth environ  
One side more safely then strong barrs of Iron.  
Blest City whose commodious and sweet site  
Invites the Eye to wonder, and delight;  
Thou being cram'd with blessings in such store,  
That Heaven could not well give, or Earth ask more.

*Auspiciis quantis! O quanto cæpta paratu  
 Vrbs exporrectos radiis irritat ocellos!  
 Ordine quam demensa nitet! quot tecta tot arces  
 Tot prope sunt Aula, tot pene palatia Regum.  
 Non Amphionios melius fulsisse Penates;  
 Non Cadami jactat mendax quas Gracia sedes,  
 Pergameosque lares, habitacula vel ipsa Quirini  
 Magnificentius extructas sua viderit ætas.  
 Dicite vos Cives, totique exponite mundo  
 Quanto vestra procul Trinobantias emicat igne.  
 Nil hoc vile loco, nil non laudabile vidi,  
 Nil aut plebeium, nil vel commune notavi,  
 Nec nisi marmoreum, laterumve rubore superbum.  
 Illum ubi perficiet ignava solertia dextra,  
 Londinum nulli cedit, sed grande per orbem  
 Regnabit cunctis urbs prastantissima terris  
 Vrbs ortu melior, sese formosior ipsa  
 Tot populi nova facta sui, Patriaque parentum  
 Glorificabat opus, longosque loquetur in annos,  
 Culmina venturis rite Argumenta Poetis.*

Oh! With what splendor, and prodigious state  
Doth she the Eyes invite! and yet amate  
Them, dazled with her luster, where the port  
Of every brave built house doth seem a Court.  
I don't admire *Amphions* Pallaces  
Nor *Cadmus* Towers, nor such lies as these  
Which bragging *Greece* obtrudes, since I dare say  
*Quirinus* liv'd not in so fine and gay  
Structures, as now this City here and there  
Presents the Eye, and suggests to the Ear.  
Tell me brave Citizens, and let th' whole Earth  
Admire the freshness of her late new birth.  
Fair *Troynovant*! the glory of this Isle!  
All things being rich, and nothing mean, or vile.  
And what the Marble wants, Brick doth advance  
To paint thee of a Ruddy Countenance:  
That when thou art quite finish'd thou shalt reign  
Empress of Realms and sit sole Sovereign  
Without a Rival; thy proud scituation  
For strength and state ingaging every nation.

*Advena miratur nova rostra, viasque pererrans,  
 Diffidit sibi ceu delusus imagine rerum,  
 Quotidie gratiora tuens potiore renasci  
 Aspicit Augustam nisu, caeloque minari  
 Turritas ades, fora, tecta, domosque recentes,  
 Atque novis demum venientem sacula Trojam  
 Exorsis. Indem trans Euphratemque rubentem  
 In melius veluti longeva renascitur Ales,  
 Caetera Pennigerum studio quam turba veretur  
 Virginitas cui perpetuis stat florida secta,  
 Ipsa sibi semper Genetrix, semperque propago  
 Deponit senium florem sumptura juvente  
 Pulchrior aetherius meliorque resurgit in auras,  
 Effulgens Crists, et versicoloribus alis,  
 Aequet ut aeterni vitalia tempora secti.  
 Sic Augusta suis augustior undique Cunis,  
 Absterfis oritur maculis, recipisque nitorem;  
 Quotidie melior, vix ut generosior ulla  
 Structuris, opibusque suis praelatior orbe  
 Audiat; aeternis urbi commemoranda Camenis.*

To pay thee tribute; Poets too in dayes  
To come hereafter, will proclaim thy Praise.  
The staring stranger, and the stander by  
Will gaze, and turn all senses to its Eye,  
And with a liberal voice now bid adieu  
To brave Old Troy, and welcome in the New.  
As when the Phoenix putting off old fate  
( Beyond the mighty River of Euphrate )  
Puts on fresh years, the Birds on every side  
Flock to behold the Beauties of their Bride,  
Who propagates her self, her Midwife womb  
Being at once her *Cradle*, and her *Tomb*.  
Whilst she in Feathers glittering like Gold,  
Array'd in new Robes, doth resign the old  
Raggs of mortality, which once were worene,  
But now cast off as useles, and forlorne.  
So this unpattern'd Sovereign, whose site  
And state are all mens wonder and delight  
Inthroned sitting, hear's the minstrel throngs  
Of Bards and Poets, praising her in Songs.

*Quas ego nunc operas! Quae Ferramenta! quot artes:  
Hinc, illinc video, quae se molesque manusque  
Obiciunt, oculus non sufficit unus & alter.  
Haec durâ varia fabricantur abiete puppes,  
Æquorei currus, lintres, Aplustra, Carina,  
Transraque cum lembis, & propugnacula vasto  
Oceano gliscunt Turrिताque castra profundi:*

*Longius ingressus vigili dum plurima mente*

*La Obvia, contempser Turres super alta nitentes,  
Condentesque caput video sub cardine luna:  
Juxta, celsa Domus metuendo Robore cincta  
Machina quam latis circumriget horrida fossis;  
Hinc, illinc cumulis tot propugnacula summis,  
Murorumque mina, non expugnabile Castrum;  
Munitu, capite Augusto minitatur Olympo,  
Et speciem prope montis habet, qua scilicet alto  
Quadruplicata Pharos Thamesinas despicit undas.  
Haec domus à Latiis dudum fundata Dynastiis  
Ante salutarem Sancta de virgine Partum.*



What works do I see here? What immense Barrs,  
And Engins fit as well for Peace as Warrs?  
Not farr from hence the lofty Ships do stand,  
The props, and watery Bulwarks of this Land;  
With Oares, and Scullers, Masts, and many a Boat,  
Beyond the Rules of Number, or my Noat.

Hence, passing farther I contemplate Towers  
Almost as high as Heaven; whose Guns in Showres  
Of Iron-shot, command both farr and near.  
Not farr from which stands a Renowned Pier  
O're which the Noble Tower exalts her high  
Turrets, which are near Neighbours to the Skie:  
In the midst of which great *London's* land-mark lifts  
Her Head above the opposite Hills and Cliffs.  
She stands four-square; and yet doth seem but one:  
Compacted piece hewn out of solid stone,  
Made by the *Latian* Lords, before the birth  
Of Christ did bring Salvation to the Earth;  
A structure so antique, we must forbear  
To nominate the time, or quote the Year.

Julius a magna cui missum nomen Iulo  
 Auduit; Ausonius primâ qui voce monarcha  
 Sapius hic posito solidus requiescere ferro  
 Exutus Galeam, Musis mulcere labores,  
 Quantum quove die fausto perfecervit ausu,  
 Aut quò progressus victor, Qua scepra subegit,  
 Et qua post Thamesin restant vincenda Sabrinque  
 Retulit in fastos, & commentaria rerum,  
 Gestaque Bellorum per se, sacraverat ævo  
 Ipse sue vindex fama provector, & autor;  
 In calamo vates magnus Bellator in armis  
 Maximus, Ausonii vis Robustissima Regni:  
 Caesaris illa domus, vestris dum fulminat oris  
 Parendique docet leges, & jura Britannis.  
 Quid loquar ingentes muros, vel aenea muris  
 Fulmina flammivomo longe metuerada metallo?  
 Quidve Bolos-Pyrios pandam, vel punica mala  
 Commemorem, Vel cum parmis, Armenta, sarissas?  
 Bellacem O Gentem! Cui pectora didita marti  
 Sub pace, & pugnis observantissima Regum

They say that *Julius Caesar* the first Head  
And Emperour of Rome, ( whose fame doth spread  
Throughout the world ) when He was in this Isle  
Laid the foundation of this stately Pile :  
Here to delight himself in the soft charms  
Of the nine Sisters, he put off his Arms ;  
And thus retir'd could accompt how farr  
Each day he had proceeded in the Warr.  
Here he compil'd his commentaries who  
Was a great Scholar, and a Conquerour too.  
He was his own Fames Champion, and in spight  
Of Fate will live, and be preserv'd to light  
Of future ages. Here great *Cæsars* Tower  
( A Noble structure of both might and power )  
Stands like some stately Pharoahs, whose chief end  
Is even as much to threaten, as defend.  
What shall I mention her Magnifique walls,  
Round which stand Iron Guns, with equal Balls,  
With their Artillery. O Nation firme  
In Feats of warr, nor yet in Peace Inerme.

Pro quibus audebant quàm maxima ferre pericli  
 Damna, nec instantem juxta exhorrescit mortem.  
 te per Historias; fastos scrutate latinos,  
 Romuleas Aquilas dum signa Britannas sequuntur  
 Fausta Triumphantum fixerunt arma per orbem.  
 Quicquid ubique manu magnum gessere Quirites  
 V Seù fors Illyricum, Seù Pàthica Regna tueri,  
 Aut orientis opes, aut Afras querere messes  
 Extremosque truci populos contundere bello  
 Effet opus, Legiones semper adesse Britannos  
 Victores voluere, nihil sine testibus illis  
 Ingens ausuri; Fortunatissima Belli  
 Experti toties Eventa, Gravesque labores  
 Pro fama, pro laude viros in utrumque paratos  
 Incere vel medus cecidisse viriliter armis.  
 His adjuta viris succrevit Roma, Suumque  
 Imperium terris, nomenque aequavit olympo.

Digredior, dextrumque peto, quàm lenis in altum  
 Surrigitur clivus suavit deflectere cursum  
 Compita per, pars longa mihi de manibus urbis  
 Objicitur, Spectat quàm Linea Recta Triones.

○ Nation ! faithful to thy Kings, for whom  
Thou ne're didst fear to meet thy direst doom.  
Ransack all Histories, and Angles too,  
And tell me truly what e're Room did do  
Great, without *English Aids*, who still did stand  
Firme to the Romans, when they did command,  
In *Parthia*, or *Illyria*, or in quest  
It off the spoils of *Affrick*, or the *East*,  
The British Legions still the Camp supply'd,  
Having been long so exercis'd, and try'd;  
In eminent dangers resolute, and bold,  
Apt to endure Hunger, Heat, or Cold.  
And scorning in the greatest pinch to flie,  
Whose Motto was to *Conquer*, or to *die*.  
*Rome* by these Aids, (whose City stood on seven  
Proud Hills) did raise her name as high as Heaven,  
And still successful whereso'er she came  
Made her Dominions ample as her Fame.

But I digress, and on the Eastern side  
I spie a place once of great note, and pride.

Hac Constantinus, Constanti maxima Proles  
 Condidit & totam muris ingentibus urbem  
 Pracinxit, fossasque dedit, molesque tremendas.  
 Urbs at in immensum postquam succrescere cepit  
 Sedibus amplificata suis, pars ista remansit,  
 In Populi pars hinc mutata cubilia cessit,  
 Subruta pars etiam Thamesinis concidit undis.  
 Hic ille Augustus Divum genus, orbis Asylon,  
 Delicium populi, Patriæ servator, & autor  
 Constantinc tibi tua tanta Britannia debet.  
 Quanta Triumphati quondam caput Hias orbis  
 Debit Augusto, aut Lacedæmon quanta Lycurgo.  
 Huc obversus & huc, quo me trahit obvius ardor,  
 Innumeras video plateas, quæ fœdere factò  
 Commoda Mechanicis tot mercibus obvia præbent.  
 Heicinter sese magnâ vi Brachia miscent  
 Brontes, & Steropes, & nudus membra Pyraemon,  
 Hi desueta putri longum ferrugine tela  
 Horrentisque situ galeas, ad maria ducant  
 Fulcra, perpetuis subiguntque miscere flammis.

Where *Constantine* the great did raise a Pile,  
Which in the dayes of yore retain'd the stile  
And imprels of his name, 'till bigg, and bold  
Buildings more new, quite jussled out of old;  
And swelling *Thames* too swallowing up a good  
Part, left no sign, where that old structure stood.  
Blest *Constantine*! The darling and the love  
Of Mankind! dear to Earth, and Heaven above;  
To whom thy *Britain* owes her self as farr,  
As *Rome* to her *Augustus*; or in warr  
Great *Lacedemon* to *Lycurgus*; who  
Was her first Light, and Legislator too.

Thus in my progress whilst I do advance  
My tired steps, I seem'd in a trance  
To view Artificers in such a long  
Series of Shops so huddle in a throng.  
Here knocks the Joyner; there the Blacksmith bears  
The batterd Anvil, and with labour sweats  
Clothing the stubborn steel, and rusty blade  
With a brighter habit then before they had.



*Parte aliâ artifices video qui fortè sedentio  
 Exercent operas, vigili manuumque labore  
 Difficilem quarunt per amica silentia victum.  
 Sunt hi Pannifici, Fullonum densius Agmen  
 Qui pro sorte suâ, sed non sua vellera tractat:  
 Heic varios discit mentiri lana colores.  
 Heic quoque Pistoris, Laniiq; sub ordine iusto,  
 Artificesque alii quos nunc describere longum est.  
 Heic juvenes tranant patulas, sudore plateas;  
 Heic quoque matronam possis vidisse frequentem  
 Prodigæ quæ persæpe sui, quoque parca sôporis  
 Pervigiles agitat gnavo sub pectore curas  
 Quid sit opus factô? fas utile? quidve doctorum?*

- n Sustentâsque pios sub paupertate penates  
 a Primis thoro surgit, repetit postrema cubile,  
 Conjugis ut possit parvos educere fetus,  
 Gallinæ in morem quæ pullis forte relictis  
 Alitura Cibus, patulos spaciatur in agros  
 Sollicitè & victum vel cum discrimine vita  
 Apparat, in columes tepidâque sub Alite Condât.*

On the other hand Artificers do sit  
Who get their living by their hand, and wit.  
These are the Clothiers, and the Dyers who  
Teach th' innocent wool to put on every hue.  
Bakers, Cooks, Butchers too, with many more  
Trademen stand here, which I can't count, or score.  
In hope of gain here young men trace each street,  
And the grave matrons at the market meet  
And mindfull of the main, how to safe keep  
Their credits whole, do often break their sleep;  
And to this purpose in their Morning-Gown  
First in the house are up, and last, are down.  
Anxious and careful to inhaunce their store  
And make Provisions for their Young, and Poor:  
Much like some Clucking Hen which in great hoe.  
For her small Chicken wanders too and froe;  
Searching the Yard, the Stable and Barn-doors,  
And here and there pecks Corn from the flowers,  
Which to her little Brood she gladly brings  
Fed first, then fosterd under her warm wings.

Londinum o felix! urbs o fata sydere dextero  
 O miris cumulata bonis! non largius ullis  
 Indulfit natura locis; comprehendere mente  
 Nec valeo paribus tot commoda pingere dictis.  
 Quid loquar innumeras pulsantes Sydera sedes?  
 Plumb-Aulæve canam granaria vasta? vel Aulam  
 Maxima Guilda tuam? stricto quæ pondere leges.  
 Jura legunt, juste & scelerum peccata rependunt.  
 Hinc, tutrix totam prudentia temperat urbem,  
 Justitiamque suo sapientia dirigit orbe.  
 Ipse Aulas reliquas alio commendo labori  
 Illaque Dadaleæ songum miracula forma  
 Greshamix monumenta manus; urbisque novata  
 Et mercerorum coniunctis sumptibus, ingens  
 Illud opus quod nunc Regalis Cambio dicta est.  
 Si ne fata sinent ac indulgentia patrum  
 Annuet his captis, tum pars prodibit in orbem  
 Altera que Londine tue magnalia fame  
 Exponet graviore Chely; Fanumque stupendum  
 Occiduum Sancto Petro per secla dicatum  
 Alb. Aulæque Domum Regum memorabile tectum,  
 Atque Suburbanis Legum collegia vicis.

Thrice happy London in thy pleasant seat  
Who art with blifs redundantly repleat.  
How should I praise thee then? VVhose beauties are  
Beyond my Pen, or mortal mans compare.  
How shall I praise thy structures, or discric  
Thy Leaden-Hall old Londons Granarie?  
Or thy renowned Guild-Hall? Where the Law  
Well executed keeps bad men in awe.  
Here Justice like a Queen inthron'd doth sit  
To whom for love all good men do submit,  
The Bad for fear; for regent wisdom here  
Sitteth posselt, in her own Orb, and Spheare.  
The other Halls perhaps I may compile  
Hereafter if my Patrons shall but smile  
On these my labours; I shall then proclaim  
With a more vocal Trump the mighty frame  
Of the *Exchange*, which the proud Monument stands  
Of noble Gresham, and the Mercers hands.  
Then shall I speak of *Paul's*; and Englands best  
Cathedral great *St. Peter's* in the West.  
With brave *White-Hal* the Pallace of Great Kings,  
And the *Inns of Court*, and *Chancery*; with such things  
As may comport with the magnificence  
Of Londons Trophies and our time and tense.